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MEMORIAL ADDRESS

FRANK WARREN HACKETT

WITH PORTRAITS OF
REAR ADMIRAL CRAVEN and
HENRY LAKEMAN RICHARDS

I am Yours truly
Ted T. Craven

Memorial Address

DELIVERED MAY 30 1892 AT

PORTSMOUTH NEW HAMPSHIRE

BEFORE

STORER POST NO. 1

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

BY

FRANK WARREN HACKETT

PORTSMOUTH
MERCER GOODRICH
1893

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MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Again does this land, from ocean to ocean, witness the inspiring sight of a people laying aside the cares and the strife of their working-day existence, to unite in one vast chorus of gratitude to the memory of the saviors of their country; and of invocation and praise to Him who giveth us the victory, who hath the nation in His keeping.

Memorial Day! How solemn, and yet how sweet its associations! Solemn, for it bids us pause and measure, each for himself, the duty that he owes in person to a common country. Sweet, since it opens the flood-gates of memory to a tide of tender emotion, and brings before us in the bloom of his early manhood, his face aglow with patriotic ardor, the comrade, the friend, the brother, who welcomed death in order that the Union might live.

Our heroes — can we ever forget them! In church-yard; on rugged hillside; in smiling valley; by the corner of the field on the old homestead; on many a lonely spot far, far away from kindred; in the serried ranks of cemetery, cared for and watched over by a Nation, or in graves unknown, they lie sleeping—a mighty host! The bosom of this historic soil shelters not a few, in whose perpetual honor stands yonder figure, on base of New Hampshire granite. In the fulness of strength, erect and

proud with high resolve, they went forth out of these streets to do battle for the Union. It was at the call of duty that they went—duty,

"Stern daughter of the voice of God."

Silently now do they all await the dawning of the last, great day.

We would fain keep green the memory of each soldier and sailor, and thank him for what he did, and for what he was. And so, at this glad season, we search out his last earthly resting-place; and reverently, with eye not undimmed, we lay God's own flowers there.

A simple act. But oh, how eloquent to voice a gratitude profound for all that their loyalty, their valor, their nobility of soul has rendered possible for us, and for our children's children.

And you, my friends of a later generation, you, who are too young to have heard the echoing guns of the great struggle; you, who can picture to yourselves the scenes of that mighty conflict, only because you have drunk in the story from books, or given ear, it may be, while some elder has recited the tale,—did you, too, not feel the warm blood pulsating through your veins, when to-day it was permitted you to look upon the ranks (now, alas, fast thinning!) of the veteran survivors, as once more in military order they have followed the flag, to the music of fife and drum?

It was a custom with the Athenians, at the end of a campaign (so Thucydides tells us), to bury in the beautiful suburb of Ceramicus, with public honors, the bones of those who had fallen in battle.

A vast concourse of mourners and spectators, upon the occasion of these solemn rites, listened in the open air to the eulogy pronounced by some eminent citizen, whom they had chosen as their orator. Such were the circumstances under which Pericles delivered his renowned funeral oration, where occurs that sublime passage: "Of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre, signalized not alone by the inscription of the column in their native land, but in lands not their own, by the unwritten memory which dwells with every man of the spirit more than of the deed." Hearken to the majestic Webster, in like strain, addressing his countrymen at Bunker Hill: "We are among the sepulchres of our fathers; we are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood." And it was to inspire the living, no less than to honor the dead, that Abraham Lincoln uttered words at Gettysburg, that the world now knows by heart. The democracy of to-day, like that of the past, yields its highest honors to him who has deserved well of his country.

Yes, a deep and pervading sentiment of our nature bids us keep alive the name and the fame of each brave spirit, who has laid a last, great sacrifice upon the altar of country. It is the element of unselfishness in the deed that makes it gracious. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Our Revolutionary fathers, and the preservers of the Union, alike are consecrated in the hearts of the American people. The former gained our liberties, and made self-government a living reality. The latter res-

cued self-government from threatened overthrow, and set it upon the firm foundation of an indissoluble Union.

The War of the Rebellion will ever remain a landmark in the history of civilization; for it was a conflict between two phases of civilization,—between the slavery of a past, and the progress and enlightenment of a new, era. But the occasion forbids our dwelling upon the meaning of the war itself. To-day our thoughts cluster around some fair-haired youth, who yielded up his life on field or deck.

To live over again those days, which in misty recollection seem but a dream,—the leaving home and its endearments; the ready submission to discipline in camp, on the march, on shipboard; the patient endurance, the wondrous fortitude in hospital, in prison, in the hour of battle; the equal (nay, was it not ofttimes the greater?) heroism of those at home,—parents who bade their sons Godspeed, young wives their husbands, and then turned to take up without murmur the daily burden of absence, awaiting with blanched cheek the bulletins from the front; and, at last, accepting with a resignation born of lofty courage, the dread tidings that left no ray of hope. To revive these scenes—what is it but to kindle afresh in our hearts the sacred flame of love of country?

For the part that New Hampshire took in putting down the Rebellion, her record shines with a lustre that time shall never dim. When our misguided brothers fired the fatal shot at Sumter, fortunately for the State, she had in the person of her chief

magistrate a man of energy, and a patriot of purest instinct. He lost not a moment in parleying about forms of statute authority. He acted. He shouldered responsibilities, and he did it with alacrity. While the country claims him as a bright star in the galaxy of war governors, this community in no narrow sense shares in the honor that invests his name. As in 1776, Portsmouth gave one of her merchants—John Langdon—to the cause of the Revolution; so, in 1861, she gave to the Union that peerless defender of the flag—Ichabod Goodwin!

What troops were sent more promptly into the field than hers? What better equipped, better cared for? The skill and intrepidity of her officers, the valor and endurance of her men—where, I ask, where in military annals are they surpassed? When, for example, soldiers from other parts of the country spoke of New Hampshire's "gallant Second" and "fighting Fifth," they meant to employ no mere holiday epithet. Of the former—a regiment mustered into service here, and to which this city furnished a company—I have lately been told an incident that shows of what stuff our brave boys were made. It was at the battle of Groveton, better known as the second battle of Bull Run. Without a support, the Second New Hampshire, consisting of but little more than three hundred men, was to attack the enemy at a most dangerous position. My informant, Private Dillon of the color company, heard each word that his colonel uttered, indelibly engraved as it ever since has been upon his memory: "Soldiers of New Hampshire, your country expects desperate work of you to-day!

Cast not one thought toward home. Think of God and your country. Stand firm as your granite hills!" Then rang out the order for the charge; and Gilman Marston asked no man to go where he himself was not ready to lead the way! With sustained impetuosity the line of bayonets swept forward, in spite of fearful loss. So superb was the onset that Stonewall Jackson, whose men gave way, was moved to speak of it in terms of generous admiration.

Did time allow, how gladly would we call up the name and the figure of each brave son of Portsmouth, who, at the call of his country, sprang to arms. Let me allude, however, to one shining exemplar, as the perfect type of an unstudied hero, a true soldier, a knight beyond reproach. Well do I remember him. An athlete, full-chested; an eye beaming with animation; a voice deep, but gentle; in manner, courteous,—his noble physique was the fit home of the graces of a Christian gentleman. If ever a man gave to the state in her hour of need all that he had, unsullied by a thought of self, it was he. Suited to command, with the opportunity only too readily open to him to hold a commission, he chose to serve in the ranks. To enlist in a company of sharpshooters, he walked hence to Concord and back. The field of Gettysburg, crimsoned with the blood of so many a martyr to the cause of human liberty, saw no spirit more noble wing its flight, than that of our lion-hearted townsman, Henry Lakeman Richards.

How shall we breathe a long farewell to three wearers of the blue, whom to-day we specially miss;

into whose familiar faces we never again may look; three, who, after attesting their manhood in the field, sheathed the sword to prove that, valiant as soldiers, they could be no less worthy of admiration as citizens,—Hodgdon, Thacher, Goodrich! Faithful in arms, as ye were respected and honored in life, so are ye now mourned, and lovingly remembered.

The laurels of the Navy, how fair a share belongs to the Pascataqua! Would that we might enter even so much as upon the threshold of the narrative; might tell of many a stately ship, her guns thundering for the stars and stripes, whose virgin keel had kissed the waters of this beautiful river; might tell of the sturdy arms and stout hearts of sailors, whose home was on these shores, from the days of John Paul Jones—down to the splendid achievement of the ever-memorable Kearsarge. Would that I might speak of Craven, born here, who went down with his iron-clad, scorning to save his own at the cost of another's life. "After you, pilot!" is his glowing eulogy. Of Farragut, who here breathed his last, leaving a fame secure. Of him who fought the Brooklyn, that other Craven, who returned hither to pass declining years, amid the scenes he loved so well in boyhood. Of Storer and Pearson, of Parrott and Pickering, of Thornton, of Bradford, of Yates, and of many another gallant soul, who served his country well. Long be their memory cherished! May a sense of their sterling virtues inspire generations yet to come!

The crowning lesson that the personal heroism of the war period teaches, you have already antici-

pated. It is the lesson of the supreme force of the moral idea in public affairs. When rebellion came, it found the people of the Union states busily engaged in the work of developing a magnificent empire. We were extending our lines of traffic, subduing the prairie, building railroads, calling into being towns—destined to grow into populous cities. The South had been led to believe that here was a race of money-getters, with instincts not extending beyond love of gain; that "the Yankees" would purchase peace at any price. Such an illusion, if it ever existed at the North, vanished with the smoke of that first rebel gun that, in the harbor of Charleston, dared send its iron message of treason to insult the flag. The uprising of the people to defend that flag, the outburst of patriotic enthusiasm—who that witnessed the spectacle, who that felt the thrill, can find words wherewith to tell of it to another?

That love of country, blazing like beacon fire on mountain top, and then burning with the steady glow of a pure, vestal flame of the temple,—think you it came all suddenly into men's hearts? Should time have it in store (far distant be the day!) that the Republic in her need shall call upon her sons to defend her against a foreign foe, think you that the ardor, and the sacrifice, of a patriot's devotion will be wanting?

But what application, you ask, has this in time of peace? What has love of country to do with practical every-day affairs? It has everything to do, my friends; and let me tell you how it manifests its presence.

First and foremost, a man must realize that he

has a country; realize that he has been put into the world to live, not for himself and his family alone, not for a little circle of immediate friends and neighbors—but for humanity; that the range of his duty reaches out far beyond the borders of his own town—beyond his State, clear to the confines of the dwelling-place of a whole great Nation.

The man who loves his country learns to look upon an American as his brother. If the crop be bountiful in Kansas, he shall rejoice; if floods devastate a region of the Mississippi, he shall sorrow and hasten to give aid. He does not shut his eyes to what goes on in the world around. He thinks that he has no right to immerse himself in private business, to the total neglect of public duties. He is a good citizen. "A good citizen." The term is full of meaning to him who stops and reflects. He goes to the caucus; he goes to the polls, and votes; and he does it in the proud conviction that he is exercising the privilege of a freeman. With a jealous eye he guards that privilege. He asks himself, What are my public duties? What can I do, here and now, as my part in preserving, and transmitting to my descendants, this heritage inestimable of self-government?

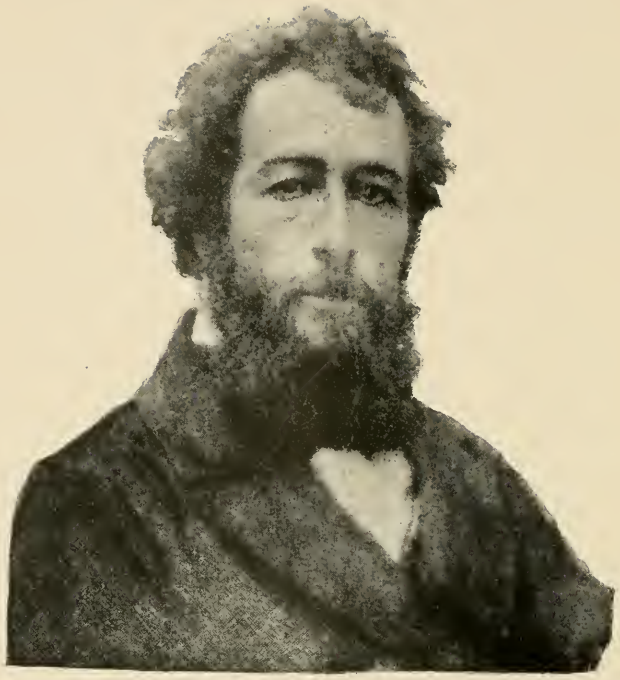
He reverences the names of Washington and of Lincoln. He is a firm believer in democratic institutions. He trusts the people; and though occasionally a wave of popular feeling sets, as it seems to him, in the wrong direction, he does not wring his hands and despair of the republic. Is he called to fill public office—he aims to serve the people, not himself. Has he sons—he brings them up as

Americans. He does not, in senseless phrase, tell them that theirs is the greatest and best country in the world; he rather points out to them the many blessings guaranteed by the Constitution; explains the advantage that the youth of America have over those who are growing up in foreign lands; and bids them with grateful heart be true to the doctrines that the fathers have made the foundation stones of our national edifice.

Is it not plain that "the moral idea" animates and vitalizes all that is best and highest to-day in our public life? Does not the same spirit that made men heroes in '61, abide with us still?

Members of the Post: You who are spared to take part in these befitting exercises, your presence testifies that at this very moment the love of country burns not less dim in your hearts, than in the hour when you faced the shot and shell of a brave and desperate enemy. The sight of you is itself an inspiration to duty.

Young men, just entering upon the responsibilities of life, do not dismiss love of country from your thoughts, as a thing unpractical, fanciful. Look deeper. Study the example of that noble fellow who carried a musket in the days of a nation's peril. Satisfy yourselves what it was that bade him leave home; nerved him to face danger, and suffer untold hardship; what it was that has earned for him, living or dead, a gratitude that only grows deeper and firmer, as the years go by. Learn that what sweetens the toil, alike of the humblest laborer and of the most exalted statesman, is an abiding sense of duty loyally performed.



Henry L. Richards

APPENDIX.

HENRY LAKEMAN RICHARDS.

[From the Portsmouth Journal, July 18, 1863.]

It pains us to say that this noble-hearted man is no more. At the commencement of the Rebellion he offered his services in defence of his country. Though possessing sterling ability, he sought no high position, but only that in which he was confident of being most useful. When requested to take a commission, his reply was, "No, I had rather be a good soldier than a poor officer." When the company of sharpshooters was forming at Concord, he went on foot to that place from Portsmouth; was examined, accepted, and he returned home in the same way, to fit up for his departure. After an absence with the army of fourteen months, in which time he was exposed in severe engagements, he came home wounded in November last.

As soon as his health would permit, he again joined the army, on the Rappahannock, and on the 2d of July, at the battle of Gettysburg, was severely wounded in his knee by a Minie ball. After remaining on the ground all night, he was taken up and carried to the hospital, where amputation was performed, while under the influence of chloroform, from the effects of which he did not revive. His age was thirty-eight. His remains will probably reach here in a few days, and the performance of the last sad rites will bring feelings of heartfelt sorrow to our whole community.

And now, and in all future time, as those who knew him well pass under the shade which is just beginning to be made by the long range of trees in Auburn street [now Richards avenue] they will be reminded of the one who selected and with his own hand placed them there, to cheer the passage to the cemetery; and the name of the noble Richards will be as green in their memory as the leaves which every returning spring will renew.

[From an address by Joseph Hiller Foster, at the Unitarian Sunday School, Portsmouth, July 26, 1863.]

Of the friend for whose remains I undertook this journey [to Gettysburg] I would say a few words; for, although never a member of this school, his character was one that you may all well take as a model, especially the boys.

Pure, upright, honest, brave, never as a boy do I remember hearing from his lips any profane or indecent word; and as a man all that which was in the least tainted with impurity was most abhorrent to him. A lie, or anything inconsistent with the strictest honesty and uprightness of word or deed, was his utter detestation. Brave as any soldier in the army, and meeting his death at last because he would not fall back when his comrades did, he yet feared sin; nor did he ever, even in his youth, regard it as any mark of courage to do what he knew was wrong or would displease his parents or his God.

He eminently obeyed the precept: "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another." His little acts of kindness at home, to neighbors, and to all with whom he was connected, were of constant occurrence; himself he did not consider when another was to be helped. When at home last winter with a wounded leg, he walked several miles to obtain flowers for a poor, sick woman, who had not the remotest claim upon him but her distress and poverty. His modesty and retiring disposition were as conspicuous as his kindness. He refused a commission in the army, saying that he knew he could be a good soldier, and that was better than to be a poor officer; although friends well knew that whatever position he might take he would fill it well. But for him the toils of life are over; for him we can well quote the hymn:

"Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won."

[From a private letter of Maj. E. T. Rowell, of Lowell, Mass., Feb. 1, 1893.]

"I enlisted Richards at Concord; and from the day I first met him till his death, I had the greatest respect for him. I never was in his presence but I was impressed with his superior qualities as a man and patriot."

Rear Admiral Craven, U. S. N.

Portsmouth will ever hold in reverential regard the name of Richards, as that of one who proved himself, in the best sense of the word—a hero.

It is to be regretted that efforts, made in various directions to obtain a likeness of him to accompany this memorial publication, have been unsuccessful. Surely no man's portrait is more worthy of being displayed in some conspicuously public place at Portsmouth, as an incentive to youth, and as a reminder of the gratitude with which his pure and fervent patriotism is remembered in his native town.

Fortunately the opportunity has favored, however, for reproducing from an excellent photograph, the features of an eminent officer, whose associations with Portsmouth were unusually close and tender. The late Rear-Admiral Thomas Tingey Craven, United States Navy, (1808–1887), looked upon this region as his home.* In this town he was a school-boy; later, in 1821, the names of Thomas Tingey Craven and of his younger brother, Alfred Wingate Craven, appear on the catalogue of Phillips Exeter Academy, as students from Portsmouth.

The admiral's services to his country during the war for the Union are too well known to need recital here. Upon his retirement from active duty, he sought a home in this locality, at Kittery Point, on the banks of the Pascataqua, and for a while he lived at Portsmouth.

It has been thought, therefore, that a portrait of Admiral Craven would lend additional interest to these pages, now that the address is presented in a more enduring form.

* His brother, Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven, the commander of the *Tecumseh*, in Mobile Bay, was born here January 11, 1813.

POSTSCRIPT.

While these sheets were passing through the press, word came from a niece of Mr. Richards, living at Newark, New Jersey, that a small, and poorly executed picture of her uncle had most unexpectedly been brought to light. An enlarged copy has been taken at literally the last moment,—with what result the reader may see in the "half-tone" that faces the Appendix.

The work of reproducing the picture has been accomplished with a wonderful degree of skill; and yet we are reluctant to admit that, notwithstanding the many serious defects but too readily apparent in the copy, we must accept it as the only impression that can be had.

Those persons now living, who can remember Henry Richards need not be told that the strength of feature, the exuberant joy of perfect health, and an indescribable attractiveness of the eye,—all these and more, alas, are here lacking. It used to be said of Henry Richards in his younger days that his countenance reminded you of the portraits of Lord Byron. A manly resemblance, however, it must have been. The face that we now look upon will bear much idealization before it speaks to us of the high-born qualities that made their home in the original.

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